

DR. PALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

"Silver Wings" the Subject—Lives of the Christian and the Unbeliever Contrasted—Scenes at the Deathbed of Napoleon and Voltaire Compared With Death of Paul.

Text: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—Psalms lxxviii: 13.

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian servitude. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food, and when these slaves, tired of the day's work lay down to rest, they lay down amid the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmudged and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after while the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better carb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David in my text comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons, doves, which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find, just about the hour of sunset spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unscathed by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as these pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it was not a far-fetched simile or an unnatural comparison, when David, in my text, says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

I am going to preach something this morning which some of you do not believe, and that is that the grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hamlet told a minister in his history of Hamlet that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject, and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something impractical, something that will not work, something Pecksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

To enter the religious life is to put yourself in the garden, the comfort, the companionship, the omnipotence of the illustrious Christ, the saviour of one world and the chief joy of another. The storm His frown; the sunlight His smile; the spring morning His breath; the earthquake the stamp of His foot; the thunder the whisper of His voice; the ocean a drop on the tip of His finger; heaven a sparkle on the beam of His eye; eternally the twinkling of His eye; the universe the flying dust of His chariot-wheels. Able to heal a heart-break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with His glory. What an uplifting thing to make such a Being our ally!

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the ray circles where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth." Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian; her voice, her face, her manners, the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the social circle the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful girl should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated." Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and doleful, and lachrymose, and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder; I do not say but that he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged, but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man, not a Christian, depends upon worldly success to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows well how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything; rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble, it drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But there is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No. He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says, "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine—Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe

in the promise, all are yours. What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my bodyguard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be scant? I sit at the King's banquet."

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into roistering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the barroom counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor, shrieking. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he opens his eyes in the morning will the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the soul of his comrades, and father and mother and brother and sister far away? No, no. His laughter will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter, in it is the snapping of heart strings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy! That young man happy? Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown an unbridled conscience. Let the bells roll through the bowling-alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and death. All the brilliancy of the scene cannot make him forget the last look of his mother as he left home, when she said to him: "Now, my son, you will do right, I am sure you will do right; you will, won't you?" That young man happy? Why, across every night there fits the shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron beak into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat. I come in amid the clinking of the glasses, and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry, "Woe! woe! woe! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of transgressors is hard."

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearers, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death, he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are eight hundred millions perishing in midnight beathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send them the Gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured; but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him.

I show you three spectacles. Spectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia, and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which went grinding the wheels of his gun carriages, in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boot for him. Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity; yet applauded by clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words in delirium, supposing Christ standing by his bedside—his last words, "Crush that wretch."

Spectacle the third: Paul—Paul, the insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, bounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven fair; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and wait with the glow of certain and eternal release, undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flashed with transport, and his eyes on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the furies of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me."

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel they were tossed like sea-gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm, but when the wave and the wind of death struck Paul, like an albatross he made a throne of the tempest, and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die? I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Despondent, dying in a chair because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of the table, Zeus dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch made by his own hands. Mazarin dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself. All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends, "I have no interest as to whether I live or die; if I die I shall be with the Lord, and if I live the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington, "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and the great, "Happy." Or the last words of Hannah Moore, the Christian poetess, "Joy." Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Behold the contrast. Behold the charm of the one; behold the darkness of the other. Now, I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in skepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old-fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you what I know from observation, that while skepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sahara Desert at the last.

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes His dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eye one blaze of all the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother,

sister, or dear little child—garnished already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing. You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph. "Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have; it is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe, "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place?" "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the General, "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the General, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the house of Orleans, and all because the King said "Not yet, not yet." May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late—toolate, you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

FIRST CHINAMAN TO ENLIST.

Ong Q. Tow, a Santa Ana, Cal., Merchant, in Uncle Sam's Service.

A Santa Ana, Cal., correspondent writes: Since the beginning of the war several California-born Spaniards and Mexicans have enlisted with volunteer companies from the Golden State to do battle against Spain, but the first Chinaman to offer his services to Uncle Sam for \$13 a month is Ong Q. Tow, a merchant of Santa Ana.

Ong is the son of wealthy parents and is well educated, having attended school in San Francisco for a number of years, but has never been allowed



ONG Q. TOW.

to spend his time in idleness. He is quite a mechanic, and has a small brass cannon and a model of the battleship Maine on exhibition in a show window on 5th street. He is at present engaged in running a mercantile establishment in Chinatown which his father purchased for him, and does an extensive business.

Ong has taken an active interest in the affair ever since the trouble began, and when the Maine was blown up was one of the first to denounce the act as a piece of Spanish treachery, and his response to the cry of "Johnnie Get Your Gun," is made in all sincerity.

Southern "Joggling Board."

Through the South and particularly in Louisiana the children have a plaything known as the "joggling board." One sees it under the big oak trees and pepper trees on the well-kept lawns about great houses, and on the hard-beaten earth in front of the negro cabins. It is a piece of plank an inch thick, a foot wide and twelve or four-



KEEP THE CHILDREN QUIET AND HAPPY

teen feet long. Poor children place it between rails in fence corners or between two stumps; the children of the rich have frames made like the legs of a chair with rounds. This is sunk in the ground and the board placed on the top rungs. Some children use ordinary carpenter's horses.

The board is very springy and children will sit on it by the hour "joggling" away contentedly when nothing else will keep them quiet. A traveler through the South said he had not seen a swing or "teeter" in his whole journey, but that every child was provided with a more or less satisfactory "joggling board."

SOMBREROS ARE THE LATEST.

Cowboy's Headgear Now the Favorite with New York Girls.

The sombrero of the Western plains is all the fashion in New York. It is the favorite outing hat of the Fifth avenue girl, and also of her brother, whether he has gone off to the war with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's band of rough riders or whether he plans to be among the chosen few at the summer resorts. Fashion has sanc-



THE GIRL WITH THE COWBOY HAT.

tioned the sombrero, hence the most up-to-date young persons are wearing them. It is big and dashing and Western like, but not becoming until the modern girl has given it an indelible touch all her own. Then it is the most picturesque thing in town.

The sombrero is carrying off all the laurels as the correct hat for outdoor sports. The bicycle hat, the golf cap and the long popular soft felt Alpine are losing their popularity.

The hat is trimmed in its own individual way. A band of finely striped ribbon encircles the crown, generally in the Roman shades. At the left side a single quill is caught with a silver buckle, and the stem of the quill to be absolutely correct must not only be thrust through the buckle, but the end of it must be bent up. The hats come in cream color, gray, black and a dun shade. Many of them are sold with just a plain leather strap around the crown fastening at the side with a small buckle.

The more the hats suggest the genuine cowboy the more they are to be desired. Such are fashion's eccentricities.



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